

Parsing Rusty Wreckage

-She ruined my life!

-Ah melodrama!

-It's true!

-*And what is truth?* asked jiving Pilate. But the mush splattering where it may, it's jolly to be friends with both of you. She as forceful, but switching that personal pronoun before *ruined*.

-Yeah? Then I suppose like all you rancid old fairies pretending to wisdom, you pronounce gravely: *The Truth lies in between*.

-Seek and ye shall...

-flop.